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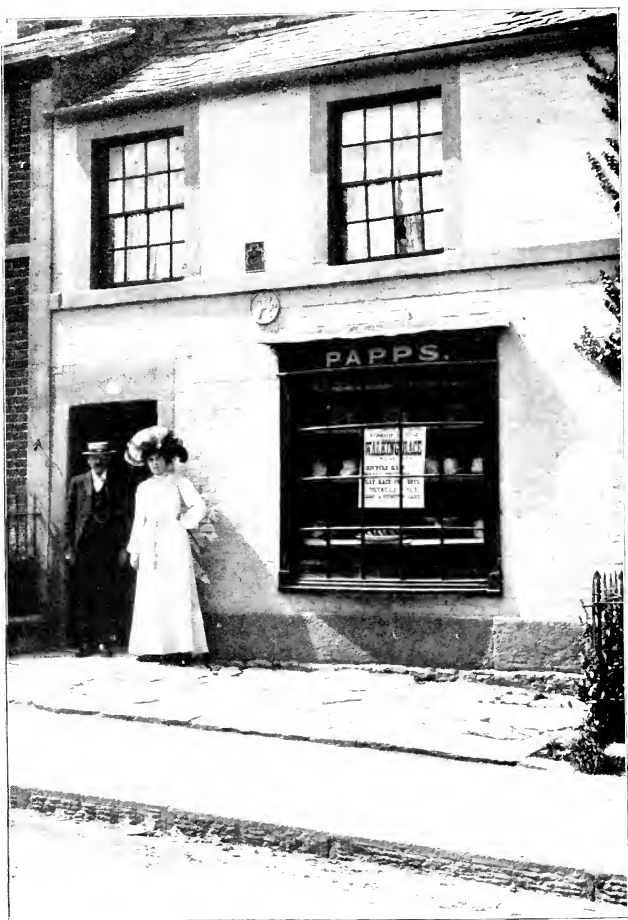
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THE
HOUSE
WHERE
I WAS
BORN

MOONE

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THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN

THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

FRED PEARCE MOONE

Author of "A POLITICAL ROMANCE" and Other Sketches

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TO MY OLD FRIEND AND THE COMPANION OF MY BOYHOOD DAYS,
THE LATE
PROFESSOR ALLEN LATHAM,
IN HAPPY REMEMBRANCE OF SOME OF THE BRIGHTEST
MOMENTS OF MY LIFE, THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY ITS AUTHOR

PREFACE

A small volume of poems and sketches which I published some time ago was accorded a cordial welcome by my friends. The perhaps all too complimentary reception of that former work has prompted me to offer the present collection, in the fond hope that it may prove as acceptable to the reading public.

In tendering this little booklet to possible readers I do not labor under the delusion that I am adding aught of abiding or material excellence or value to the literature of the present day. The world is full of books and few if any but are the work of far abler writers than I may aspire to be, but

I hold it meet and deem it right,
That I should test my powers to sing,
To give my fancy rein in flight,
E'en tho it speed on halting wing.

What if my notes be harsh and rude,
Lacking in strength and melody
Intruding on your solitude
A tiresome tuneless threnody.

But who would bid the robin cease,
Because he rivaled not the lark?
Or tell the blue bird hold his peace
Fore sweeter songs of wood or park?

The mocking bird hath wonderous song,
The linnet's too is full of joy,
The red bird's note is loud and strong,
Who would the humbler birds destroy?

I may not with the robin rank,
Nor with the blue bird hold a place,
Then note the wren on yonder bank
Class me with him, if, by your grace.

You may accord such place to me ;
Or with the humble sparrow brown,
The chippy or the small pee-wee,
If 'tis your pleasure, write me down.

I do not vainly vaunt my verse,
Nor care I much for human praise,
I'd unobtrusive wend my course,
And placidly would end my days.

But still I claim the right to sing ;
And, if my song's not to your mind,
Then tear the verses that I bring,
And cast their fragments to the wind.

Reville who will my humble song
If I may end my days in peace ;
The fleeting years cannot be long
E're singer and the song shall cease.

I feel assured that, if any of my poems are of intrinsic value, they will live. If on the other hand they have no merit they will die the death deserved. I am however conscious of the fact that it is nobler to have made the effort, even tho I should fail therein, than to stifle the impulse within and to make no effort at all. I sometimes wonder that I have ever tried to write. At no time have my opportunities been very great, as I have had very little leisure

at my command. In addition to this, my schooling in boyhood days was defective and intermittent.

My father's business was such that he often needed my assistance in his labors and my education was a secondary consideration when he needed my help. I do not say this complainingly since I know that he would have ordered it otherwise had it been in his power to have done so. But he had the care of a family on his hands and his earnings were too small to enable him to employ regular help and so in cases of emergency I had to stay at home and render him help. This I say in mitigation of any breach of recognized accuracy in English that my little book may contain. If in any of my verses I have appropriated an idea or a line from the writings of any other author, it has been done without intention. I am free to confess that, in some instances, after I had written a line or expressed a sentiment there would seem a haunting familiarity of sound or of sense, altho I could not recall ever having seen or heard it before. In former publications of mine I let humor be the controlling influence. If in so doing I have caused a smile to spread over a face otherwise clouded with care or sorrow, I shall feel amply repaid for my personal effort. My principal motive in publishing the present volume is this: I am well aware that in a few years at the most my race on earth shall have been run and, as fame and fortune and glory have all missed me, I desire to leave behind some little reminder of the fact that I too have passed this way. I have never been quite satisfied with my lot in life, in that I have never been able to rise above dependency upon my daily labors and the routine drudgery necessary to provide for the wants of life and "to keep the pot a boiling." Nor have I ever been able to secure that leisure which is coveted by one of literary taste and ambition. Not that I have ever wished for wealth for wealth's sake

alone, but for the good it might enable me to do, and I would rather be the author of a Gray's Elegy or Poe's Raven than a possessor of the wealth of a Vanderbilt or a Rockefeller.

In conclusion, permit me to say to those of my critics who may urge that my flights of fancy have been neither very lofty nor very long sustained, that I plead guilty to the charge. Yet I would remind them that it is not given to every mortal to enter into the temple of the Muses and there join in the songs of the inspired. Such a felicity may never be mine, but I feel that I have at least wandered near the sacred edifice and have caught some faint echo of the sounds of divine concord from within.

THE AUTHOR.





PORTRAIT OF AUTHOR

THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN

A humble cot in a quaint old town,
Where the chalk hills slope to the distant sea,
On a modest street and of slight renown,
Stands the house that first did shelter me,
No lofty turrets mounting high,
Or gables reaching to meet the morn,
No pointed towers reared to the sky,
Doth mark the place where I was born,
But a humble cot on a quiet street,
When the skies are gray and the clouds hang low
And the patter of happy children's feet
Are the grandest sounds that the place doth know
Or else perchance on his infrequent trip,
The resounding crack of the carter's whip.

A humble cot on a quiet street
In a quaint old town not far from the sea,
Where the clouds hang low and the skies are gray,
Stands the earliest home of my infancy.
And a mother's love and a mother's care
Hath made it dear and hath hallowed the spot
With memories happy and bright and fair.
And now far away from that lowly cot,
I think with joy on the dear old place,
That first in my infancy sheltered me.
And visions recur of my mother's face
As she sang to me there a soft lullaby.
And I said as I bade it adieu one morn
"God bless the old house where I was born."

HIS FIRST BATH.

A short time ago a Russian Jew was found prowling about the Panhandle yards. His hair was long and unkempt, and his beard was a tangled mass, and he had a wild and anarchistic look. So they arrested him on suspicion and sent him down to the city prison and—But the verses tell the rest:

He'd been loitering around the station all the day
And at night they found him prowling in the yard,
So they sent him to the station-house without delay
And left him with the turnkey, under guard.

But before the latter placed him in a cell,
Said he unto his fellows (with a laugh):
"This duffer here is dirtier than hell,
And I think we'd better treat him to a bath."

So they took him to a room where was a tub,
And bade him doff his very dirty, dirty duds
And give himself a good and generous scrub,
And they would very *kindly* furnish him the suds.

Then the fellow raised a protest loud and strong;
Saying: "Vot! go into dot vater. Oh mine frient,
De dings dot you propose iss very wrong.
I'll catch a colt unt dot mine life vill ent."

They heeded not his protest, but plunged him in the tub,
Regardless of his struggles and his cries,
They soaped him and they lathered him with many a vigorous rub,
And I fear they got some lather in his eyes.

At last their task was ended. They'd reached down to the
skin

Through all the different stratas of the dirt.
Then they gave him clean apparel. ('Twas very light and
thin)

From the vest, socks and trousers to the shirt.

Now, one who'd helped to rub him in the bath
Asked this very natural question of him then,
"When before in all your life did you ever take a bath?
Now upon your word and honor, tell me when?"

Then he answered: "Frient belief me 'tis de trute I tells
you now,

Or if you choose uste go unt awask mine vife.
So help me My Good Gracious, I honestly do vow
Dot I neffer was arrested before in all mine life.

TO DANIEL McALLISTER, ESQ.

ON READING A POEM WRITTEN BY HIM.

Your verses I've read with a thrill of delight,
Of the heart, the hope, the will, and the man.
He was troubled with doubt as to which course was right,
To travel alone the rest of life's span;
Or to yield himself up to the promptings of heart,
And make of her life of his own life a part;
And cheer himself thus with a joyous young wife—
These questions sore puzzled the man.

But the man's will was firm and it guided him right
While combating the promptings of heart,
And he said, "Tho' she's as fair as the new morning light,
And her lips like the roses, she can ne'er be a part

Of the life that is left to me now,
For I will be loyal, be true and be brave—
Be loyal to her that sleeps in the grave—
Thus reasoned aright this old man.

The rest of life's journey I will travel alone,
And the way, I am sure, can't be long,
And so as I journey and pass each milestone
I will cheer myself thus with a song,
A song of the past, when young hearts were light,
And the skies were a heavenly blue,
When the whole of the earth seemed transcendently bright,
And young hearts beat loyal and true.

A song of past days, full of rapturous praise
Of the dear ones I met in life's morning,
Who have vanished away from my pathway today,
Aye! Beyond all hope of returning.
Some day in the future, ere long, let me hope,
When I have passed over the river,
My loved ones to meet and fondly to greet,
Be united forever and ever."

PROGRAM FOR THE NEXT MEETING OF LOCAL No. 12 OF THE R. C. & P. A.

Our next meeting will be opened with due and clerkly care,
The brothers standing 'round the room will sit down any-
where,
Our business we will expedite and get the matter over,
And then we'll have a jolly time like young pigs loose in
clover.
We'll surely make these rafters ring with joyous shout and
revel,

And bid each brother laugh and sing, dull care go to the
devil.

Our candidates we'll obligate upon the carpet kneeling,
And then proceed to elevate and hoist them to the ceiling.
The rocky road to Dublin we'll give them on a car,
Then roll them in a barrel, their nerves we'll surely jar.
We'll take them all around the room by slow and steady
jerks,
The hoodwinks we at last remove and dub them "Union
Clerks."

When this part of the programme is past and all is done,
We'll gather up the debris and have a little fun.
First Sister Doust will speak a piece in measures smooth
and metric,
And then will come a sparring match 'twixt Brothers Houck
and Detrick.
Sister Smith will waltz around the room and Brother Maas
will sing
And Chauncey Brown and Brother Downs will dance the
Highland fling.

Brother Kuntz will sing a German song, "Mein Lieber Got
in Himmel,"
The next will be a fancy stunt by Brother Georgie Dimel.
Brother Tomlinson and Brother Beck on tight ropes they
will dance,
Brother Smith will show some fancy steps, imported late
from France.
Brother Mills will read a lecture on wedded bliss and joys,
Full well he knows his subject with his numerous girls and
boys.

And then we'll bring the tables out and have a little lunch
With lager beer and Sweitzer case we'll be a merry bunch
Thus merrily we'll pass the hours until 'tis time to vanish.
With merry jest and joyous quip, all care we'll surely
banish.

So tell it 'round to brothers all, and sisters, too, with care,
And then at our next meeting we'll have no vacant chair.

If this programme is adopted and its measures carried out,
This hall to overflowing can be filled I have no doubt.
If each brother and each sister will only do their part,
And each one tell his neighbor and work with hand and
heart,

And brush away inertia like the sweeping of a broom,
And then at our next meeting we won't have standing room.

IN THE WOODS AT GRAND VIEW.

I love to steal from the haunts of men,

To the shady woods and the leafy hollows,
To list to the drone of the honey bees,

And to watch the flight of the swift-winged swallows
As over the river's marge they skim,
Hither and thither and back again.

Where the wind blows free, there, there would I be
With heaven's blue canopy spreading o'er me.
And the robin's chirp I love to hear,

And the noisy jay makes music, too,
And the bluebird's song sounds sweet and clear,

While the woodpecker beats him a wild tat-too
As he drums on the trunk of a fallen tree,

In quest of the food that nature provides.
No thought of the morrow or care hath he,

Contented at last he has captured his prize,
Then off to his mate on that oak wings his way
And together they dine on the worm he hath found;
There they sit for a while and then fly away
And leave me in silence to ponder alone.

Now a gay gaudy butterfly around me flits,
As he hovers at ease o'er bush and o'er bower,
And now at last on a blossom he sits,
And regales him with nectar from out the wild flower.
Oh, the meadow-lark, chippie and little pee-wee—
They each one and all have music for me,
While the winds through the trees an accompaniment play
To the song of the robin and the chattering jay.

The light through the trees comes shimmering down
And with shadows fantastic decks the grass where I lie,
And I catch a glimpse of the distant town,
And close by this pool is a gay dragon fly.
How bright, how gaudy and lustrous his wings!
And his brilliant eyes are like beads on his head
As, poised in mid-air, he darts and he swings—
The glint of the sunshine on him doth shed,
A radiance that naught can surpass, I ween,—
There's a tinge of purple, a royal blue
A burnished gold and a touch of green.

Oh, beauteous insect of gorgeous hue,
I would I could fly through the air like you!
Or, if I like the birds might carol and sing,
I'd fly far away upon pinioned wing
To some lone tree or some mountain high
Whose towering peak seems to pierce the blue sky,
And there all alone in the distance dim,

I'd pour forth my soul in a song to Him,
The Maker of all, whose fatherly care
Extends through the universe everywhere.
A song of praise to my Maker, then I,
With the last dying note would contentedly die.

.
I pause and the sound of the distant bell
Comes faint on the breeze as it floats from the town,
Telling me plainly as aught can e'er tell
That it's time for a loiterer like me to be gone.
So I mount my wheel and silently steal
Away from the woods of Grand View.

THE SEARCH FOR AN HONEST MAN,

OR THE ANIMADVERSIONS OF OLD JIM HAWLEY.

An honest man, I've often heard folks say,
Is far the noblest work of our creator, God;
The truth of this, I'm sure I can't gainsay,
Nor would I, gentle reader, if I could.
But then I've also heard—I hope I state it fair—
I'm sure I could state wrong without a qualm,
That every honest man has got a lock of hair
Growing in the very middle of his horny palm.

I've wandered far in many distant lands,
And many times I've crossed the briny sea,
I've often looked in men's extended hands,
But always failed that lock of hair to see.
The thought of this hath often made me sad,
My flesh creep and my epidermis feel quite "crawly,"
And musing thus unto myself I said, "Egad!
I'll go consult my friend and neighbor, Old Jim Hawley."

Now Jim is one of that rough and ready kind,
Who claim that white is white and black is black ;
Nor does he hesitate to speak out his mind,
And fraud, deceit and falsehood clear the track
Before Jim's truthful glance and his investigation.
And so, to neighbor Jim I wend my way,
And state the case to him with due deliberation.
Then I, in anxious silence, wait to hear him say
His quaint opinions, and as best I can
Transmit them unto you, dear readers, all.
I can't do justice unto this fair man,
Forgive me, therefore, where I chance to fall.
And so I state the case to stout old Jim,
Of how I'd looked full oft for honest men,
But found them not, and now I'd come to him
That I might know 'em if I'd chance to meet 'em.

JIM'S ANSWER.

"The quality you seek," said he, "is by comparison only,
A superlatively honest man you'll never, never find ;
And if you found him, Gad ! he'd feel quite lonely,
For men like company of their sort and kind.
So if by chance you found one, then, God save us,
The man, my friend, would prove a rara avis.

Here's Lawyer Jones, who counts himself an honest man.
Compared with neighbor Smith, he's very honest, quite.
He would not rob a hen roost, for that is not his plan,
But he would befog a jury and claim that he was right
If, by defeat of justice, his client he could save
*Tho he knew the man was guilty and of knaves the veriest
knaves.*

'Tis a trick of criminal lawyers, as you oft have seen, no
doubt ;

They would whitewash the criminal, paint the prosecutor
black.

With arguments they'd twist and turn the facts about,

Till in solid prison walls for escape they've forced a crack.
There's no one can deny it, *when money is in sight,*
They will do their level damndest to paint the Devil white.

There's the preacher, full of cant, in a faultless suit of black,

How he smiles upon the layman if he has plenty of hard
cash ;

He will smirk and grasp his hand or pat him on the back,

But the poor and needy sinner? He has little use for
trash.

He will preach such oily sermons, chiding sin in general
ways,

But the pet sin of the rich sinner he heeds not, for it pays
To be blind to the faults of a parishioner that's rich,

For from him he gets the income that sustains him in
style ;

But the sins of the poor devil that labors in the ditch,

They are "just simply awful and the man himself is
vile!"

Twixt the lawyer and the parson, to choose there's not one
speck,

*They both are after boodle and they're trotting neck and
neck.*

With the merchant and the doctor it is very much the same—

They are seeking after money, trying hard to grasp the
dollar.

The politicians, too, they all play the self same game,

Promise much before election, and loudly they will holler

How they'd love to serve the people, be public servants
quite;

But when they are elected and in office they're installed
Then our servants are our masters and *might* becomes the
right.

Ay, our servants are our masters, the people are en-
thralled,
Tho' loud before election, they're as mute as any clam,
For their pre-election promises they do not care one damn!

And so it is through all the list, from the greatest to the
least,

From the *king upon a throne to the peasant in a hut,*
From the *cardinal or bishop* to the very poorest *priest,*

Each man or woman has a price and it is only but
A question what that price shall be. With some the price is
great,

With others, very little will serve to buy the man;
With some it is a kingdom, with others just a treat,
But each and every mortal is built upon this plan.
It's as true as now I tell it, tho' perhaps it may sound queer,
I've known a voter sell himself for a single glass of beer.

There are the ladies, may God bless them, I sincerely love
the sex,

And I would not hurt their feelings or their character
traduce,

Nor say one thing about them their tender hearts to vex,

But would hide all their shortcomings, nor the evidence
produce,

Of their occasional little lapses from the straight and nar-
row path;

Their failings I would cover up, their virtues I'd extol,

Protect them from the day of wrath—I would upon my
soul.

Now I've read you quite a lecture and think I'll call a halt.

I've tried to make my meaning plain, no doubt you understand,

But if you fail to grasp it quite, why then is it my fault?

Go search the country over, throughout the whole broad
land,

From east to west, from north to south; deny it those who
can,

You'll *never, never, never* find a *strictly honest man*.

THE SUMMER'S DEPARTED.

The summer's departed. All her glories have fled.

Her roses have withered. Her pansies are dead.

The leaves of the trees, they are withered and brown,

And the winds of the autumn doth cover the ground

With the sere yellow leaves once so verdantly green.

Brown are the meadows where the daisys have been.

Aye, the summer is ended. All her glories have fled.

The flowers, they have vanished. They are withered and
dead.

The gaudy nasturtions that bloomed by the wall,

The scarlet geranium and the goldenrod, tall,

Are slain by the frost king, whose breath meaneth death.

For the sweet tender flowers they are slain by his breath.

The harvest is gathered and threshed is the grain;

Soon will the cold winter be with us again.

Aye, the summer is ended. All her glories have fled.

The flowers have all vanished. They are withered and dead.

Soon the winds of winter, so bleak and so chill,
Shall blow through the valley and over the hill;
And the nook where the violets did so modestly blow
Shall be hidden from view by a mantle of snow.
On the cold frozen earth not a vestige of green
Where the roses once bloomed and the daisies have been.
Aye, the summer is ended. All her glories have fled.
The flowers have all vanished. They are withered and dead.

Oh Winter! Cold Winter! I dread thy harsh reign,
With thy fierce biting winds, thy sleet and thy rain.
For the sigh of thy winds full of sadness and dole
Remindeth me oft of the wail of a soul
That is doomed to perdition for some mortal wrong.
Then haste thee, oh Winter, nor tarry thee long.
But may sweet smiling Spring, with her wild flowers a store
And her roses and daisies, soon be with us once more.

CUPID AND THE MAIDEN.

A SONG.

Dan Cupid, the god of love, one day
Laid siege to a maiden's heart.
But the maid was coy, she slighted the boy
And she ruthlessly bade him depart.
"Oh, begone," she said. "I am too young to wed,
And I pray, Sir, that you do not tarry;
For, if ever I rue, I will send for you,
Some day in the future I'll marry, I'll marry,
Some day in the future I'll marry;
For, if ever I rue, I will send for you—
Some day in the future I'll marry."

Then Cupid he gathered his arrows and bow
And far from her presence he flew.

“You will wish some day you had bade me stay,”
He laughed, for the boy god knew
That her time would come, and that surely some
Gay gallant her heart would be winning—
“And when it shall be that you send for me,
Dan Cupid will then have his inning, his inning,
Dan Cupid will then have his inning;
And when it shall be that you send for me,
Dan Cupid will then have his inning.”

The years flew away, as ever they will,
And with them the maiden's youth;
And as she grew old her lovers grew cold,
'Tis the way of the world, forsooth.
So she said in dismay, “I will send straightway
For Cupid to banish my sorrow.”
At the sound of his name the boy god came,
And her heart he transfix'd with an arrow, an arrow,
And her heart he transfix'd with an arrow.
At the sound of his name the boy god came,
And her heart he transfix'd with an arrow.

With an arrow blunt* her lover he smote,
And he laughed in glee at his chaffing,
“You have had your day and 'tis mine to pay
Old scores,” he said to her, laughing.
Said she, “Sir, I rue and I send for you;
With me then, oh Love, do thou tarry.”
But Cupid replied, “*You're too old for a bride,*
You have grown too old for to marry, to marry,
You have grown too old for to marry!”
But Cupid replied, “You're too old for a bride;
You have grown too old for to marry!”

*A blunt arrow is supposed to be repellent.

LINES WRITTEN IN A CHILD'S ALBUM.

Sweet little lassie with eyes of blue
What shall I write in these pages for you?

May the skies in your journey of life be fair
And your days as bright as your golden hair,
And when clouds do gather, as gather they must,
May your heart be brave and not lose its trust
In the Father above, who cares for us all
And is mindful of even a sparrow's fall.

May your feet ever walk in the pathway true
Of wisdom; May she, Pet, ever guide you,
Nor ever stray thou, Love, in folly's maze
But keep steadfastly on till the end of thy days,
That the blessings of heaven may alight on thy head
Is the earnest prayer of your

UNCLE FRED.

AN ODE TO THE TURKEY.

The fierce eagle, soaring aloft in the sky,
Is the emblem of freedom, so the sages all tell us.
But I know of another and, twixt you and I,
When seated at table with jolly good fellows
I say without fear, none dispute me least,
That the turkey's the bird that best graces the feast.

CHORUS.

The brown roasted turkey, the sweet smelling turkey,
When stuffed with good oysters, served with cranberry
sauce,
Oh who would forego it, the savory turkey?
For of all table birds sure the turkey's the boss.

Then pass me a piece of the bird that I love,
A drumstick, a wing or even a thigh.
You may talk of the partridge, the quail, or the dove,
'Tis for brown roasted turkey that ever I sigh.
It is fit for the statesman, the lawyer, or priest,
For the turkey's the bird that best graces the feast.

Then here's to the turkey, the grand stately thing,
The prince of all fowls, I love it I own.
It is fit for the lawyer, the statesman, or king;
Egad, it is fit for a queen on her throne!
May it ever continue our fair land to bless!
And the shadow of the turkey, may it never grow less.

And when I've departed from this earthly sphere
And to heaven I've ascended, should I reach that fair
land,
May I regale me on turkey, sweet bird ever dear,
For I love roasted turkey and sure it is grand.
There's none can surpass it, I think so at least,
For the turkey's the bird that best graces the feast.
Then give me a taste of the bird that I love,
A slice of the dark meat and likewise the breast;
A napkin, a clean plate, a knife and a fork—
Then place them before me and I'll do the rest.
For there's none can surpass it, we think so at least,
Sure the turkey's the bird that best graces the feast.



TO MY WIFE.

(WHILE ON A VISIT IN GEORGIA.)

Well, how do you like things in Georgia,
The people, the coons and all that?
The grub and the queer Southern cooking,
And the dishes all reeking in fat?

Are the girls there as sweet and as pretty
As some in Ohio we know?
Are the peaches as fine as they tell us?
Are the cotton fields white as our snow?

Are there gaitors and lizards in plenty
And mocking birds perched on each tree?
Would you rather live there with the darkies,
Than here in Ohio with me?

On your way did you see Lookout Mountain,
Where the battle was fought 'bove the clouds?
And was your sleep troubled with visions
Of dead warriors, sans coffins, sans shrouds?

How is Daisy? and how did the journey
Affect you, My Dear, and Miss D.?
When you write, pray, tell all about it,
And every strange thing that you see.

Since you left we've had stormy weather,
And the wettest of very wet rain,
Till the fields and the meadows were flooded,
And ruined is much of the grain.

Had I known that your going, My Sweetheart,
Would bring rain and thus break up the drought,

I'd have sent you away some weeks sooner,
Yes, away to the warm sunny south.

Now don't take offense, dear old Girlie,
At what I have written above,
For you know that to you I am loyal,
And my heart is o'erflowing with love.

For the dearest and best of fair women
That e're cared for a duffer like me,
For in fact I'd feel lost without you—
Like a ship without rudder at sea.

I am sitting here by the south window,
But my thoughts they fly southward to Jen,
Over stream, over mountain and valley,
Past forest, past river and glen.

To a place in the south near Fort Valley,
Where the sun shines cloudless and bright,
For I know somewhere there 'mid the peach trees
Reposes my sweetheart tonight.

Have a good time, be joyous and happy,
Dont' worry or fret for me, Jen,
And when you return to Ohio
I think we'll get married again.

TO MAGGIE.

I strayed today by the river-side
To a leafy spot where the wild flowers grew,
And, as I gazed on the flowing tide,
I thought of old England and Derby and you.

Of the day that we went to Matlock Bath,
Your Mother and Arthur and Jimmy and I,
How we climbed High Tor to the Roman cave
And fed the fish in the pool close by.

Then we climbed again to the top of the hill
And a blast I blew on a winkel shell,
A whistle that sounded both loud and shrill
And wakened the echos far down the dell.

Till the folks, in the coach on the road below
The spot where we stood on the high hill top,
Gazed in wonder aloft as they heard me blow,
And your Uncle Arthur had bade me stop.

Said he, "they will think you are some green boy
To be blowing thus on a perwink shell!"
But so full was I of a gleesome joy
That little I cared for his threat to tell.

"The folks at home in the states," he said,
"They will think you are daft if you will act so.
You are old enough to be more staid,
So cease your whistling and let it go."

The winkel shell—I have got it still
And oftentimes, when I'm tired and blue,
I blow a blast as of yore on the hill
To remind me of England and Derby and you.

JAKEY STROUSE.

In New York's crowded city, in a great big red brick house,
Lives a little Hebrew laddie, and they call him Chakey
Strouse.

With his father and his mother, and their children, ten or
so,
They occupy the upper floors—Old Strouse sells clothes
below.

He will hail each verdant passer-by and try to draw them
in,
Sell them bargains in sheepe cloddings for marvelous
little tin.

Now Jakey is the eldest of all that little crowd,
And it gives him a distinction of which he is quite proud.

One day Old Strouse had business that he could not well
neglect

At the court house—bout his taxes—I more than half
suspect.

So he called young Jakey to him and said he: “Chakey
dear,

I'm going away this morning unt shan't be back, I fear,

Until sometime after mid-day. So mind de store und house,
Sell all de cloddings dot you can unt show you are a
Strouse.

I show you how I marks de brice; I makes some dots like
dese,

Unt effery dot a dollar iss; remember off you bleeze.

Dis sute mit stwelf dots on der dicket py der collar,
Must sell, remember Chakey, for de sum of uste stwelf dol-
lar.

Unt so it iss mit all de rest, dere marked de self-same way,
For each dot uppon der dicket a dollar must pay."

So, having made the matter clear to little Jakey's mind,
He hastened to the court-house, nor left one doubt behind.
Returning home he met some friends who detained him at
the park,
And when he reached the store again it was way after dark.

"Vell, Chakey, vas der peezeess goot? Dit you some clotd-
ing sell?"

"Yaw, sure, I sell some clotding, unt I dinks I do quite well.
I sell von man a dark brown coat mit fur uppon der collar.
Unt an ondre man an offercoat I sell for forty dollar.

"Mine Gott," cried Jakey's father; the price gave him quite
a shock;

For he'd no forty-dollar overcoats in all his shoddy stock.
It took his breath he scarce could gasp. "Vare iss dot
money, Chake?"

Some rascal fellers schwindle you, dots true unt no mis-
take."

"No, fader; here de money iss, all clean unt crisp unt
new,

Unt I safe der dicket from der coat unt show it here to
you."

Strouse counted out the money, found everything was
right.

No counterfeits among the bills, they all were clean and
bright.

Then he gazed upon the ticket, found twelve little dots of
ink;



LOIS

All the other specks were made by naughty flies, I think.
Strouse called his family to him saying: "Quick my children dear,

Kneel on der carpet rount me unt Chakey, too, right here.

Unt you mine Rachael also, my own beloved wife,
Pray each unt effery one of you, if you effer prayed in life.
Unt, Oh my wife unt children, I tells you quick for vy.
Ust let your sublication pe, 'Got pless dot leetle fly.' "

TO LOIS ON HER BIRTHDAY.

LINES ACCOMPANYING A PAINTING OF AN OPENING ROSE.

The rose is the Queen of the flowers, 'tis said,
And so, Dear Girl, on your natal day,
Accept this rose from your Uncle Fred
And your Aunty Jennie, and tell me pray
What could be meeter, answer, ye churls,
Than the Queen of the flowers, to the Queen of all Girls.

TO MAGGIE ON HER WEDDING DAY.

Fair, Oh fair! are the skies of June,
When the robins nest and the roses bloom;
When life of itself is a pure delight,
And joy is supreme from morn till night.

But brighter by far than June's fair skies,
Is the lovelight beaming in Maggie's eyes,
Who with dimpled cheeks and coal black hair
Presents us a picture divinely fair.

For the rose and the lily commingling mix
From her forehead fair to her finger tips,



MAGGIE

Long may her eyes with the lovelight gleam,
And all of her days be one blissful dream!

May the sun shine bright and soft zephyrs play,
For you, sweet girl on your wedding day!
Oh, happy the bride and happy the groom,
That now will commence their honeymoon.

Any may you two be, thro the whole of your life,
A fond proud husband and a loving wife,
May sweet little children your union bless,
To gladden your hearts with a fond caress.

And an ample purse and a bounteous board,
And all of life's treasures, your lot afford.
May joy, love and happiness on you wait,
And bright and sunny may be your fate—
With naught of sorrow and naught of dread—
Is the earnest wish of your Cousin Fred.

JULIUS STONE'S MISHAP.

To Julius Stone, whose first automobile gave him so much trouble that his friends presented him with a toy automobile, accompanied with the following lines:

Dear Stonie, old fellow,
They say you got mellow
And busted a flue in your automobile.
The mishap it was sad, Sir.
We feel for you, be gad Sir,
For down in your heart how bad you must feel.

When the durn thing it busted
You were no doubt disgusted.

For the noise that it made, so the people all say,
The escape of the steam
To many did seem
Like the discordant notes of a cal-li-ope.

To allay all your sadness
And brighten with gladness
Your heart, make you happy, we hope and we trust,
We send you this auto—
We feel that we'd ought to—
A machine that is warranted never to bust.

Now this crowd is all thirsty,
And forever accurst be
The man that says "Nay." That's fair, don't you think?
So hasten, Dear Julius,
And don't try to fool us,
But hand 'round the bottle, we'll all take a drink.

THE OLD HOUSE AT THE END OF THE STREET.

TO MY OLD FRIEND, AL LATHAM.

I sat by the open grate last night
And watched the light in the embers play,
And backward my fancy did take it's flight,
Out through the darkness and gloom of night,
To scenes once happy and bright and gay,
To scenes that have vanished from earth away,
Have vanished from earth forever and aye.

To a quaint old house at the end of the street,
That stood embowered 'mid the apple trees,
Where oft as happy boys we'd meet
And with shouts of laughter each other greet
As we romped through the yard like a swarm of bees,

When with many a whoop and many a call,
D'ye mind, Al, we played you were Claude DuVol,*
And the rest of us officers on your track
Determined to capture and bring you back,

There was William Crosby and Doty Cook,
And his brother Will and Al and Ed,
And Edwin Parker, too, and look,
Among the rest are Tom and Fred,
While the youngest of all—with many a prank—
Is that imp of mischief, your brother Frank.

.

How long I thus idly musing sat, I can never tell,
But my good wife Jen gave me a shake and a gentle slap
Saying "Wake up, Fred, it is half past ten,
Wake up, why don't you wake up, Fred?
It is half past ten and time for bed."
And so, as I climb my bed room stair,
I breathe in my heart this little prayer—
God bless the boys, where e'er they may be,
That played with me of old 'neath the apple tree.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

A SONG.

There's a house in Grandview that stands on the hill,
A neat little cottage of frame,
May joy and contentment e're be the lot
Of all those who may dwell in the same.

Then God bless the husband and God bless the wife,
And God bless the house on the hill!

*Claude DuVol, the noted highwayman.

May good fortune cleave to them ever through life,
And happiness follow them still.

May dear little children enliven their hearth
With mirth and with laughter and song,
May sweet peace and plenty preside at their board
Nor the bright days seem ever too long.

With a horse and a cow and some fat little pigs,
And chickens in plenty, galore,
With hearts light and free as ever can be—
Pray tell me who could wish for more.

Then God bless the house that stands on the hill!
And God bless the husband and wife!
May joy, peace and happiness be with them still
And follow them ever through life.

PAT MURPHY.

Pat Murphy be dad! was a bould Orish lad
As iver came from the county av Cork;
Wan morning in May, 'twas a verry foin day,
He sailed for the poort av New York.

After sailin' awhile, more than three thousand mile,
He arrived at the dock wan foin mornin';
So up town he wint, for 'twas his intint,
To secure him a place where his larnin'

Would bring him a store av dollars galore—
For any ould job he would do, Sor,
So he tramped round the town, first up and thin down
And at last found a place wid a grocer.

There he worked many days and tried for to plaiz,
Aich wan that came there to buy, Sor;
And his manner was mild to man, woman or child,
For to suit wan and all he did thry, Sor.

Wan bright afthernoon—Oi think 'twas in June—
A foin lady came thripping that way, Sor;
Said she, “Me dear man, gist as quick as ye can,
Give me half a pound av good tay, Sor.

A coil av good rope and some Ivory soap,
Some sugar to go wid me coffey,
Wan thing more I need, 'tis a pound av burd seed,
And for me childer a lump av your taffy.”

Pat opened his eyes wid a look av surprise,
He thought surely the woman was looney;
He first scratched his head, thin to her he said,
“No doubt, Mum, ye think I'm a spooney.

I know that, be dad! I'm a grane Orish lad,
As iver walked by the lakes av Kilarney,
But I've traveled a bit and have some mother wit,
So give us a rist wid your blarney.

By the doctor, at laste, and loikewise the praste,
And by all larned min 'tis agreed, Mum,
That burds come from eggs, gist as sure as they've legs.
Divil wan iver grew from a seed, Mum!”

TO ORGANIZED LABOR.

To all members of organized labor, individually and collectively, this little poem is most respectfully inscribed by the author:

Ho! ho! ye knights of labor; ye craftsmen stanch and true,
I grasp your hand fraternal, for my faith is pledged in you;
You have builded up our cities; you've likewise built the
course

That crosses o'er the continent, where speeds the iron horse;
And where was once a wilderness fair cities now repose,
For labor's hand hath made the land to blossom like the rose.

The ship that sails the ocean, uniting distant lands,
And the palace of the grandee were built by labor's hands,
And the hoarded wealth in billions that proud nations hold
in store

But represent the labor done by those who've gone before;
For all the gold and riches that are now upon this earth
There is naught within this wide world but labor gave it
birth.

Now, by this self-same token, by all that's good and fair,
'Tis only right that labor should demand a larger share
Of what labor's might produces; of what I still insist
That without the aid of labor it never could exist;
For better homes, more leisure to read, for those who toil
Within the grimy workshop, or those who till the soil.

And so I say to craftsmen who battle for the right,
"Stand steadfast with your brother, you will conquer in the
fight.

Then do not fear or falter, success will come at length,

If all will stand united, for in unity there is strength.
Demand the Union Label of the clerks that on you wait;
The Union Card, also, my friend, and see 'tis up to date."

And now then, in conclusion, I have just one word to say:
My conscience tells me that I'm right, deny it those who
may,

I bow the head and bend the knee to no proud millionaire,
But I honor honest labor and craftsmen true and fair;
So, ho! ye knights of labor, ye craftsmen fair and true,
I grasp your hand fraternal and I doff my cap to you.

REGRET.

A wanton youth, one day in June,
In an orchard strayed, where the faint perfume
Of the sweet wild roses filled the air.
The skies were blue and the sun shone fair,
And the joy of living thrilled him quite—
His pulse beat high and his heart was light.

He paused awhile at a murmuring brook;
From its limpid depths some stones he took,
Smooth and round and hard were they.
He would gather them up and would then cast away
At a tree, or a rock, or a clod, at will,
Testing his strength and his boyish skill.

On an apple tree there a little bird swung,
As he poured forth his soul in a joyous song;
Scarcely as big as a little tomtit,
But he sang as though his throat might split.
'Twas a song from the heart of pure delight,
As pure and as sweet as a sunbeam bright.

The boy, and the bird, and the apple tree—
The bird, and the boy, and the stones—Ah, me!
The boy saw the bird and he threw a stone
With a fairer aim than he yet had known.
It smote the bird true, and he gave a shout
As the song and the life of the bird went out.

Long years have flown since that fatal day,
Long years have passed, and I'm old and gray;
But I often think of that morning bright,
When the little bird sang with pure delight,
And as oft as I think I so sadly sigh,
For the wanton youth of that morn was I.

And I sometimes *think*, and perhaps I am *right*,
That the little bird's song of pure delight
Was more grateful by far to the Father Divine
Than was ever a *song* or an *act of mine*,
And my heart is filled with a sad regret
At the wanton deed I can *never forget*.

THE HAUGHTY PEACH.

AN ALLEGORY.

Once upon a time in the dim ages long since passed away, when the birds and the beasts and the reptiles and the fishes and the trees and the plants and the fruits had a language of their own and could converse with each other, there grew a beautiful peach tree. It stood in the midst of a large orchard surrounded by other beautiful peach trees, but this one tree was the largest and most beautiful of them all. It was a very handsome tree, far out of the ordinary, and its fruit was very fine and luscious. It so happened that on the very topmost bough of all there grew an

exceedingly fine peach, even for that tree of fine peaches, and every one who saw it could not help but admire the beautiful peach.

I do not know how it came about, for she had no mirror. It may be that some vagrant humming bird or some wandering bee whispered it to her. But be this as it may, she all at once became impressed with the idea that she was a peach par excellence and far above any of her sister peaches. So much was she imbued with this idea that she vowed to herself that no ordinary mortal should ever eat her, but that she would remain on her parent stem until some grand personage should come to claim her for his own. Well, time passed on, and the morning sun sent its warm rays down to her and she became more beautiful than ever, and many paused to gaze upon her and tried in vain to capture the prize, but she refused to loosen her hold upon the tree and awaited the coming of the great one who never came, and so at last men saw that she was overripe and not fit to be eaten. Then she would fain have fallen if only a beggar had shaken the tree, but men passed her by in scorn and derision, and when the winds of winter blew through the branches of the tree they found her a dried up, withered old peach.

On a peach tree high mid its branches fair,
Grew a luscious peach, of a kind most rare.
And she said to herself as she smiled in glee:
“Oh, I am a peach of high degree.

My sister peaches may all be plucked,
Be peeled and eaten or their juices sucked;
But fast I will cling to my parent tree,
For I am a peach of high degree.

And, Oh, it is grand to be so high,
Far out of the reach of the passer-by.
Yes, I am a peach of high degree,
And no Plebian mouth shall ever taste me.

But fast to my parent tree I will cling,
Where the zephyrs play and the sweet birds sing;
Till time in passing to me shall bring,
A lord or a duke or perhaps a *king*.

To some such one I'll surrender my charms,
When the tree he shakes, I will fall in his arms.
But no common mortal shall ever taste me,
For I am a peach of high degree.

Time passed on. Many youths did stop
And the peach tree shook, but she would not drop.
But neither a lord nor a king or a duke
Approached the tree or its branches shook.

Then she grew overripe and she fain would fall,
But no one was there to receive her at all,
For she hung so high, far out of all reach,
And now she is naught but a dried up peach.

And so, they say, that peach today,
Hangs there on the tree-top high.
And men, bad and good, be they gentle or rude,
So slightly pass her by. They so slightly pass her by.

So, fair maidens all, take heed, I pray;
Consider your actions while yet you may.
And though humble I would presume not to teach—
Yet beware of the fate of the haughty peach.

A NONSENSICAL POEM.

(TO LOIS F——N WHILE ON HER WEDDING TOUR.)

Since the day when you did marry
And you started forth with Harry,
I should dearly like to have you tell me true
If you ever have repented
The day when you consented
To be Mrs. H. D. F., Dear Girl, have you?
In your traveling and your journeying,
Your going and your returning,
Have you met a faithful dog like Mr. B.?
So tawney and so yellow
Such a jolly dear old fellow,
Or have you met a man that looks like me?

Have you met a girl like Aunty,
So giddy and so jaunty?
Or a woman like your own staid Mama?
And would you rather tarry
In the South along with Harry,
Or hasten home to meet with his Papa?

When you've read this foolish letter,
Tear to tatters, or, still better,
In the flame of your candle let it burn,
Then sweep away the ashes,
Along with other trash,
Or consign them if it please you to an urn.

TO THE SAME.

You ask me for verses—Well if I could write
With a prophetic pen, tipped with poetic fire,
Then I'd paint you a future in colors so bright
Every joy I'd enhance, and calamity dire
Should never frown on you—Your life it should be
Like a ship on the ocean with canvas all set,
A stately ship sailing a calm summer sea,
With nothing to worry the crew or to fret
The Captain (That's Harry, you are the mate),
The crew should be children, fair girls and boys
The number I think half a dozen or more.
The cargo consist of life's dearest joys,
And each passing day should add to your store
And bright smiling hope should your figurehead be,
While sailing so grandly on life's summer sea—
Your Harry beside you to guide the ship's helm
In danger, your solace, your joy in each calm,
Till safe in the haven you anchor at last
With life's sorrows over, the dangers all past.
When the summons shall come to leave the life here
And upward to God your soul shall ascend,
You'll have naught to regret and nothing to fear,
As your life has been happy, sweet may be its end.

If I were a poet like Burns, Byron or Moore,
Some picture like this (Dear girl) I'd have framed;
But as I'm not gifted like those I have named,
And am only a toiler on earth here instead,
I'll bid you God speed and bless you once more,
And sign myself truly,

YOUR OLD UNCLE FRED.

A SONG OF THE RIVER.

To Mrs. C—— and her sister, Miss L——, the following verses are most respectfully inscribed in happy remembrance of a very pleasant afternoon passed on the Olentangy River, in what is now Olentangy Park, then known as The Villa. The first five verses were suggested to me during a stroll on the banks of one of our local streams, which, though not so grandly picturesque as some of our rivers, yet possesses a quiet beauty that is all its own. The remaining verses are the result of recollections of a trip that I once made in company with my wife and others down the Hudson River from Albany to New York City. Indian Head has since that time been blasted away, and the stone has been used to macadamize New York roads.

I love to ramble by the brook
And by the winding river
On nature's face serene to look
In mild and pleasant weather.

I love to gaze on the deep blue sky
That o'er the landscape arches
As prone beneath the shade I lie
Along the grassy marshes.

Now rippling o'er the rounded stones
The waters come a-purling,
Reminding me of nimble feet
In mazy dance a-whirling.

The twittering swallows come and go;
And darting hence and thither,

On buoyant pinions lightly borne,
Their swift wings skim the river.

Then on and on with ceaseless flow
And ever noisy clatter,
So runs the river through the vale,
With never ending chatter.

Till reinforced by other streams,
It deepens and grows broader,
A nation's fleet might ride at ease
Within the river's border.

From off the shores come fisher boats,
With fisher nets a-trailing,
And oftentimes on moonlit nights,
Come pleasure boats a-sailing.

And music's strains float o'er the stream,
And sounds of rippling laughter,
And lovers' lips kiss lovers' lips,
Above the sparkling water.

Then on and on the river flows
Without a stop or falter,
Past rocky headland jutting forth,
The river's course to alter.

Past farm and hamlet, village, town,
And meadow lands low lying,
Past wooded cliff and beetling crag,
For ages, storm defying.

Past grassy slope and sunny glade,
Past Indian Head and palisade,
To where the city lieth,
Then on and on with mighty flow,
Resistless in its motion,
The surging waters onward go,
To join the mighty ocean.

CARL BAINTER.

An honest dutchman whom they called Carl Bainter,
Dwelt in Columbustown in years long gone,
Honest and blunt, and well—he was a painter,
He papered walls and varnished things and so on.
And tacked in glass and puttied windows too
And did in fact such jobs as other painters do.

In this same town there lived a brisk young lawyer
His name? Well never mind his name. Let's call him
Jones.

Ardent. Ambitious. Himself he counted a topsawyer,
A larger pebble if you please 'mong *smaller stones*,
He had one treasure dearer far to him than life
A lovely, sweet and charming little wife.

They lived together in that part of the city
Where dwell the people who are well to do,
Cultured, Refined, Polite egad, and witty,
And those who pride them that their blood is blue.
The last I fear got very little for their pains
For blue blood never filled an empty head with brains.

Their home. A gothic cottage. Small but neat,
The walks well kept. The porch was hung with flowers,

It stood some distance from the noisy street.

The lawn was dotted here and there with bowers
Or arbors, clambered o'er with creeping vines,
And on the northern side there stood a row of pines.

The place was cozy and they lived in clover

With not a thing to mar the tenor of their life,
Jones loved his home. He never was a rover
But spent his leisure with his charming wife,
Nor claimed his evening out as vested right,
For Jones forsooth was never out at night.

It chanced one spring he said unto his Kitty,

I think my dear the house needs renovating,
New paper on the walls would look quite pretty.

The woodwork too, my dear 's in need of painting.
And so I think I'll send and get young Bainter
You know my love that he's a tip top painter.

So Bainter came with brushes, pots and paint,

With putty, oil and turpentine loud smelling,
The odor almost made the lady faint,

And went to work to paint the lawyer's dwelling,
The parlor first then dining room and hall
The bedrooms next. The kitchen last of all.

Now Jones returning to his home that night

Gazed round the rooms to view the progress made
And feeling tired from his long walk (as well he might)

To rest himself, his hand upon the doorcase laid,
Making a broad smear upon the newly painted jam,
Withdrew it then and muttered something very much like
dam.

Unto his startled wife, said he dear ducky

See what a nasty, smeary mess I've made.

But Bainter comes again tomorrow. That is lucky,
Have him retouch the spot whereon I've laid
My hand, 'twas very wrong of me, my dear, I know,
But when it is retouched I do not think 'twill show.

The morning came and with it came the painter
To finish up the job. E'er yet 'twas light.
To him the lady said, Oh, come here Mr. Bainter
I'll show you where my husband put his hand last night,
The fellow stared and sure a clap of thunder
From a clear sky had caused him no more wonder.

He choked and stammered. Then he found his tongue.

Oxcoose me off you blease teer Mrs. Chones,
I do not vish to do somdings dots wrong.

Ven I vos sinckle yet I make no pones
To do sooch dings. Its droo I vas no saint,
But I am marriet now. I uste come here to paint.

LOVE AND DEATH—A PARAPHRASE.*

AFTER KIPLING.

Dan Cupid, the god of Love, one day
Met the Angel of Death, at an Inn, they say,
And Dan, the sly rogue, like a rollicking lout,
Engaged with grim Death in a drinking bout.

So down on the grass they each one threw
The darts of Death and Love's Arrows, too.
And there on the sward, commingled these lay
While their owners diced till the break of day.

Then each one gathered his quiver full,
But the wine they had drunk had made them dull,



DAISY

And neither wist as he filled his sheath
That each gathered some arrows of Love and of Death.
Now believe me, Sweetheart, this is why
Some old men love and young men die.

*Rudyard Kipling recently wrote in the autograph album of a New York friend, the following lines which seem especially appropriate today:

Love and death once ceased their strife
At the tavern of man's life,
Called for wine and threw, alas,
Each his quiver on the grass.
When the bout was o'er they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.
Hastily they gathered them
Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah! the fateful dawn deceived,
Mingled arrows each one sheaved.
Death's dread armory was stored
With the shafts he most abhorred.
Love's light quiver groaned beneath
Venom-headed darts of death.
'Save ye maidens.' This is why
Old men love while young men die.

—RUDYARD KIPLING.

TO DAISY.

The Violet is a modest flower,
The Queen of all the Rose is,
But the Daisy bright,
With its petals white,
Shines a star among the posies.

And girls there are beyond compare
Might fairly set one crazy
With witching wiles

And joyous smiles—
But none like unto Daisy.

And so I love the little flower
Whose namesake is our Daisy,
Whose petals white
In the broad sunlight
Remind me much of Daisy.

And when I leave this mundane sphere—
Sometimes so dark and hazy—
And 'neath the sod amid the shade
My silent body shall be laid,
Place on my breast a daisy.

SONG FOR LABOR DAY.

Come all ye gallant craftsmen, ye sons of labor true,
Come gather round and let us sing; this day was made for
you.

We'll shout and make the welkin ring with labor's song and
story,

We'll nail our banner to the peak and shout and sing Old
Glory!

With footsteps firm and crests erect, all tyranny defying,
With eyes aright and to the front, our banners proudly
flying;

While martial strains float in the breeze, all telling labor's
story,

We'll nail our banner to the peak and shout and sing Old
Glory!

Columbia's flag! the Stars and Stripes! The proudest of
the earth today!

And tyranny and treason hide when our proud banner
leads the way.
Then let each freeman shout and sing, rejoicing in our
story—
We'll nail our banner to the peak and shout and sing Old
Glory!

Let Britons sing "God Save the King" and Germans laud
their Kaiser,
Columbia's sons sing other songs; the Yankee boys are
wiser.
Aye other songs and other strains we tell a different
story—
We nail our banner to the peak and shout and sing Old
Glory!

THE VALENTINE CLUB.

The Valentine Club was composed of railroad men and their friends and had its home in the hall over the business place of the late Charley Luft. Genial, Jovial, Jolly Charley, one of the most enthusiastic promoters of its interests! At the first banquet given by the club, at which handsome Hamby Stump was toastmaster, I was present as the guest of Mr. Wm. Flynn, as companionable a gentleman as one could wish to meet. As an invited guest I was expected to contribute something in the way of a poem or a speech and a list of the guests and club members was furnished me, but the time was so short and I knew so little of the characteristics of the individual members that I could write only in a general way, using merely fictitious names. However my efforts were all too kindly received and when at the next banquet I was again the guest of Mr. Flynn I sought to please even more by mentioning club members and guests by name, so far as I could in the time

allotted to me. Mr. George Karb, at that time our sheriff, was also a guest and responded to the call of the toastmaster with a speech. Jerry O'Shaughnessey was another guest, and the cow mentioned in connection with his name is the one that he was reputed to have pastured on the lawn at the pumping station, to the disgruntlement of some of our worthy citizens. Some of the verses are execrable and are published only because of the request of friends who desire copies.

THE AUTHOR.

TO THE VALENTINE CLUB.*

COLLECTIVELY AND INDIVIDUALLY.

The Valentine Club is as gallant a crew

As ever winked at a girl or pulled cork from a bottle,

Or drank with a friend a glass of Ben Brew,

Or stood in the cab with a hand on the throttle,

Or pulled the lever to give more speed,

To the onward rush of their iron steed.

And the men of the rail are gallant and true

As ever a hero that fought in the wars;

And never a soldier that wears the blue

Is stancher or braver than he of the cars.

Open handed and generous, brave and free,

The railroad man is the man for me.

There are Harry Tompson and old Jim Jones

And Teddy Wheeler and Sammy Smith

And Frank Delavan; bless their bones!

They are the men to travel with—

The equal of any man, *lord or king*;

They are the men whose praises I sing.

*The Valentine Club was composed of railroad men and their friends. The author, a guest at their banquet, offered, upon invitation, the above poem as his contribution for the evening. The names are fictitious.

Each day do they go on their daily course
Over the valley or up the steep grade,
Controlling the speed of the iron horse;
Now in the sunshine and now in the shade,
Now through the deep cut, now over the trestle,
And now at the crossing sounding the whistle,

Thus giving to others a warning of danger,
To be wary and cautious, keep clear of the track—
Tho' fear he knows not, for to fear he's a stranger;
And the echoing hills send in soft cadence back
The whistle's shrill toot as it sounds o'er the vale
And reechoes again from hill and from dale.

At the end of his run and when off from his trip
Some quiet retreat for repose he will find,
A cigar for a smoke and a cool beer to sip,
A good friend to chat with and then—do ye mind?
He's as happy and careless, as free as a king—
And these are the men whose praises I sing.

AUTHOR'S OFFERING AT SECOND BANQUET.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of The Valentine Club:

It is customary among young ladies, when they are called upon to entertain their friends with a song or a piece of music played upon the piano or upon any instrument with which they are familiar, for Gladys or Julia or plain Mary Ann to make numerous excuses before consenting to play or sing for the benefit of their hearers. It is, "Oh, dear, no; I cannot possibly sing tonight, for I have such a horrid

cold, and besides, I am entirely out of practice as I have not touched the keys of my instrument for ages; and then, I never play or sing any more for company." After much coaxing and many expostulations she consents to be led to the piano where she sings and plays some popular piece in fairly good style, receiving therefor the plaudits of her friends and her guests. The pretense, for it is nothing more, is a shallow one, and I shall not emulate the ladies in this respect, but shall do the very best I can with the data that I have at my command.

I hope that the individuals named in my verses will take no exceptions to anything that I may say therein, for I assure you that all has been written in the best of good humor. Besides, at a time like this, all jokes should go free, even as they do in harvest.

I have not attempted to name each person here tonight. That would indeed be an Herculean task far beyond my powers; besides it would take up too much time in the reading thereof. For the faultiness of my verses I beg your kind indulgence. Being a very modest man, I feel somewhat abashed after listening to the very able efforts of the gentlemen who have preceded me, and, were I permitted to do so, I should like to go way back to some obscure corner of the room and there sit down. Denied this privilege, however, I console myself with the thought that if you can stand the ordeal, I must. With this brief apology, I humbly present to you my offering for the evening:

A year has lapsed since last we met within this festal hall,
Alas! I say it with regret, a brother who then with us met
hath answered death's roll call.
And now ere next a toast we drink in ruby wine or malted
barley,

Let each one pause and breathe a sigh for genial, jovial,
jolly Charley.

Beside this festal board he sat and with us joined in jest
and quip,

In glad acclaim and laughter shared, as passed the jest from
lip to lip.

Then fill the bowl and drain the glass; this life's span
'twill quickly pass!

But while we linger on the brink of River Styx, and ere
we cross it,

Let each one fill his glass to drink to Charley Luft, then
down we toss it.

And as we drain the flowing bowl, ere yet the lees have left
our glass,

We gently sigh, "God rest his soul." One gentle sigh, then
onward pass;

We may not linger with the dead, the living now must claim
our care.

For it is true when all is said, each one his burden he must
bear,

Each one must meet his fate alone, each one must face the
Reaper grim.

He hurls his dart, our breath is done. He beckons and we
follow him.

Then fill them up and drain your glasses. Life's but a
span and quickly passes.

But now I turn to brighter themes. Let joy, not sorrow,
here abound.

With shouts we'll make these rafters ring, and pass the
merry jest around.

Then let's be happy, shout and sing, and each and every
one be jolly.

With merry jest and quip and fling, we'll banish care and melancholy.

Who could be sad where all are gay? Each one the prince of all good fellows.

Tho' storms without may rage or play, e'en with old Satan at the bellows,

We heed it not but keep our revel, we drink and shout and laugh and sing

And bid dull care go to the devil. With joy we make this old hall ring—

For life's a span, it quickly passes, so fill them up, then drain your glasses.

And now before I take my seat, let me extend my little say
And thus the club and members greet. Permit me my respects to pay:

First our worthy grand toastmaster. None are swifter,
none are faster

In expressions of good will to one and all.

I mean handsome Hamby Stump, may he keep us on the jump,

And may each one quickly answer to his call.

Now the next one on the list, and he surely would be missed

Were he absent from this jolly crew tonight,

Is the genial Mr. Flynn, who has bade me come again,

And that is why I'm with you here tonight.

He's a jolly, gallant fellow, and his heart is ever mellow

With feelings of kindness for his race,

And it's ever light and free, as you can very plainly see,

By just gazing on his very handsome face.

Next is Mr. Joseph Miller. May he smoke Havana filler,

May he never lack a friend to drink with him.

He is fond of all good cheer, likes a glass of lager beer,
Nor thinks he that good living is a sin.

And then comes Mr. Spicer, none are neater, none are nicer,
And to hear him pound a boiler, you would laugh.
May he never want a friend, have lots of cash to spend,
And many a glass of lager may he quaff.

Next is Mr. Christ Kuhn. The name rhymes with that of
Moone,

That's my own name, as you doubtless may all know,
With his hand upon the throttle, may he never lack a bottle,
And his engine be a fast one, and not slow.

Then there is W. R. Davis, and, may the good Lord save us!
To omit him sure would be a deadly sin.
So now I write him down, and I hope he will not frown
On my efforts to say a word for him.

Then comes Mr. Sam Draffin, who'd set you all a-laughin'
To see him punch the tickets when taking up his fare.
And sure he is a dandy; the girls say he's the candy,
So of sly, smiling Sammy I bid you all beware.

For the girls he would tease them, egad, he would squeeze
them,

Chuck them under the chin or steal a sweet kiss.
Were she matron or maid, 'tis the same, I'm afraid,
For nothing to Sammy comes ever amiss.

Now here comes Mr. Burris; he is with us, he is for us,
With his drugs and medicines galore.
He will cure our aches and pains, from toothache to chil-
blains,
All prescriptions he will fill at his store.

Then there is Mr. F. Geyer. May his train e'er be a flyer,
And smooth may his pathway ever run.
May he never lack the clink and have lots of beer to drink,
And his life be ever crowded full of fun.

Now Mr. Ed. Murphy, may he long on the turf be
A disciple of Faust. He's a printer well tried,
With type in his case and he at his place
When setting up matter may they never be pied.

Mr. Thompson is next, a representative, he,
Both learned and wise as ever can be.
May he ever be careful when making the laws
For justice and honor advancing the cause,
Upholding the right and scourging the wrong—
For this do I give him a place in my song.

Then Mr. D. Garnder, who comes from the hills
Of Virginia, so fair, for a virgin queen named,
And famous alike for its feuds and its chills,
For sweet pretty girls and for fair mountain streams.
We all bid him welcome here with us tonight.
May he ever be joyous, his future be bright,
And ever be happy, and rosy his dreams.

Now then, clear the track for his honor, Samuel Black,
He's a man of distinction and a jurist of renown,
And should the good Lord spare him to visit London or
Paris,
The authorities will present him with the keys of the town.

Ere I pass him let me say, come what will or must or may,
Tho' at present time our court house he's adorning,
I now freely tell you that—and just paste it in your hat—
We will land him in the White House some fine morning.
(Cheers and laughter.)

There's Jerry O'Shaughnessey, may the good Lord bless ye!
I mean tall and handsome Jerry, he of the cow.
They say he's shy a job, but that's no loss, be gob!
For he's very well equipped to start a milk ranch now.

He knows the worth of water and very sure he'd oughter,
For he's had some years experience with the pump,
The pump's the milkman's friend, and, with the aid 'twill
lend,
His competitors he could keep upon the jump.

Here's to Jerry and his milk! Sure he's just as fine as silk,
And we each one and all wish him well,
For sure he is a daisy, and he used to set them crazy,
All the young girls, as I've often heard them tell.

There is Mr. Williams, Andy, and he surely is a dandy,
As each one here tonight now ought to know.
He says just what he thinks and has oft set up the drinks,
For Andy he's a daisy, don't you know?

There's my friend Billy Miner, none are better, none are
finer.
He can sing like an angel and trill like a lark;
He will sing of the grove, he will sing of the dove,
Egad, he will sing you of love in the park.

He will sing you a song of the broad-horned moose,
He will sing you a song of the turkey or goose,
He will sing of the wine, he will sing of the feast,
He will sing of the ladies (God bless them), not least.
For Billy's a singer and likewise a trump,
I think so, I'm sure, don't you, Mr. Stump?

With the keys of his castle comes the keeper of our
bastile,

I mean smiling Mr. Karb, who's so very tall and trim;
He is quite a lady's man, deny it those who can.
Full well he knows a good thing; there's nothing wrong
with him.

He is certain to hold over, may he ever live in clover,
And the shekels from his office may he draw;
And never on court's order may I ever be a boarder
With him, to satisfy a process of the law.

For here's where comes the rub, I should not like the grub,
The service, the attendance nor the room,
The steam heat that's for firemen, nor my enforced retire-
ment
Or the eating bread and 'lasses with a spoon.

And now, then, there is our Mr. Jacob Bauer,
Who works for the Union, selling clothing, by Jove!
He will sell you pants or vest, hat or coat and all the rest,
From a 'kerchief or a necktie to a glove.

And it goes without the telling that he is ever willing
To wait upon the gents, tho' the ladies he'd prefer,
And he does the same with grace, with an ever-smiling face,
But if *your wife* is with you, *he would rather wait on her*.

There is Mr. H. Pond, of whom we are all fond,
Last year he gave us a charming little talk,
And we hope that tonight with something just as bright
He will give us food for thought as homeward we walk.

Now I think you've had enough of this very silly stuff,
No doubt you are sorry that I ever have begun,
So if you will excuse me, and I'm sure you won't refuse me,
I will hie me to my corner and will there sit me down.

In conclusion let me say for each one here today
That we've all enjoyed your *charming little lunch*;
May you all be well and hearty till you give your next *tea*
party,
And may I then be among you in the bunch. (Cheers.)

Sung:
The list is a long one, my voice not a strong one,
And doubtless there are many my verses have missed,
But were you all ladies, then may I go to Hades
If there's any one here that I would not have kissed.

I'm begging your pardon, your hearts do not harden,
And pray do not blame me for trying to sing,
Sure the wine or the whiskey has made me feel frisky,
And you're all jolly fellows, each fit for a king.
(Laughter and applause.)

CHLOE

A VACCINATION STORY

A dusky maiden whom the folks called Chloe,
Dwelt in a city large, some little time ago,
The place infected, for the smallpox raged,
The sick were quarantined, in fact were caged
On orders issued by the city dads,
Tho many murmured and pronounced them cads.

The powers that be as I have just now stated,
Quarantined the sick, and ordered vaccinated
The well. Among the rest who came to test the virus
Was our friend Chloe. But not by her desire as
She would much rather to have stayed away,
But 'twas beyond her power to say them nay.

An ounce of prevention, we have oft been told,
Is worth a pound of cure. A saying trite and old.
Those who doubt it oft have cause to rue it,
And if I had more space I'd plainly show it.
But I must on and tell my little story,
Without evasion, simile or allegory.

To the Doctor came our good friend Chloe,
With others waiting in a silent row,
To take their turn and meet the dread ordeal,
For tho the pains were slight their fears were very real.
At last Miss Chloe was reached. "Come bare your arm,"
The Doctor said, "'twill do you no great harm."

The girl replied, "I washes fo mah living, Boss,
And if my ahm gits soah 'twill be a loss!
I tells you dis, Boss, and let it be a caution
Dat if mah ahm gits soah I caint well do mah washin."
"Then bare your leg, and quick, my Dusky Beauty,
You will be vaccinated, for I'll do my duty."

"Oh mah good Lo'd, Boss, not mah laig, oh no,
Ah stands upon mah laig, I deed wont have it so."
"Upon your cheek, would spoil your ebon face,
Your bust wont do, so now you name the place.
Your arms you wash with, on your legs you stand,
But you'll be vaccinated, *or may I be damned.*

Now tell me quickly, for 'tis yours to choose,
What member have you that you do not use."
With tearful face she meets the doctor's frown,
Saying "Boss taint very often dat I do sit down,
Taint very often dat I use a chair,
So if you please boss vaccinate me dere."

THE RIVER'S BRIDE.

A TRAGEDY.

A college youth from out the city grand,
Who with his college chums, all on an outing bent,
Had found their way to a broad flowing stream,
And there, amidst the wild woods, they pitched their tent.

Their scanty furniture they bestowed at will,
A hammock here and there, and some camp stools;
Some rods and guns and hooks and nets, as well,
Camp stoves likewise, and some few cooking tools.

For they proposed to spend their summer there,
Augment their larder by their rod and gun,
And to the breeze fling every worldly care,
Find sturdy, ruddy health in wind and sun.

They were a goodly group to look upon,
Active and agile, stout and strong, but neat;
Their number four, but one his friends called John,
Transcended all the rest; he was an athlete.

In height, I'm told, he stood in stocking feet,
Tho' at a first glance you would scarcely guess it,
At something rather more than six tall feet—
Proportion fine, ah, me! how few possess it.

His hair was brown and curling round a head
Like some fine sculpture by a master wrought,
The nose not Grecian, slightly aquiline instead,
His mouth expressive, and his inmost thought

You'd almost read in his bright laughing eyes.
His lips were full, not sensual or coarse,

And when he spoke you'd listen with surprise
That one so young possessed so vast resource

Of language, for his words were fine,
And flowed like rippling waters from his lips
A wit that sparkled like some rare old wine,
And with an eloquence none could eclipse.

In sooth, he was a goodly sight to see,
A form that women loved to gaze upon,
Majestic, grand and like to some tall tree
When the morning sun his rays doth cast thereon.

Ardent he was of temperament, and strong of will,
And few there were who cared to say him nay,
Ardent and strong, aggressive too, but still
Strove to be just, to those who came his way.

One day he wandered farther than his wont,
In quest of game, so when the night was come
He still was distant from the camp and tent,
And then he turned aside to seek some rustic home

Where he might food obtain, and shelter from the night,
For, in his daily rambles, he had noted oft
A hamlet clustered by the river side, and to right
Of an old mill, whose race with murmurs soft

The mill wheel turned, a cottage stood—
A cottage quaint, and with a red tiled roof
Whose gables, glowing in the light, looked good
To our tired hunter. Then he sought the proof

Of western hospitality, nor sought he this in vain,
For lo, in answer to his gentle knock,

Wide op'ed the door, and said a voice, "Come in!"

A maiden stood before him, and the shock

Of seeing a young stranger standing thus before her

Caused the warm blood to mantle her fair cheek;

Confused, but not for long, his manner did restore her,

And to his questions she replied in accents meek:

"My father comes anon, he owns the mill

That you have passed in coming here tonight.

Pray Sir, be seated and excuse me till

My father comes." She left him and less bright

The room to him did seem, since she was gone.

She was in verity a sweet and lovely creature,

Her face refined, and when she spoke her very tone

Expressed her grace, her culture and good nature.

Her age I think would scarcely reach eighteen,

Her eyes were blue and golden was her hair,

And when she spoke, like pearls her teeth did gleam

And as a whole she was indeed divinely fair.

Not long the hunter waited; soon the father came,

The mother also, and welcomed him to house and fare.

The evening meal was now prepared and to the same

The guest invited; he did full justice to his share,

For he was hungry, athirst, and very tired, and so

When bedtime came they led him to the best bedroom,

And he in truth was very glad to go,

Nor wakened till the morrow's sunlight filled the room.

That morn at breakfast he had far more leisure

To note the girl, and when their eyes did meet

He noticed also, and it gave him pleasure,
Her blushes come and go, that she was fair and sweet.

Oh love, thou art indeed a very potent factor
In the affairs of this great world of ours!
Let others rail at thee, who will, but I'll be no detractor
Of Cupid's charms and love's bewitching powers.

It was with them a case of love at the first sight—
Mutual, for he too had felt love's piercing dart,
And to them both the world seemed very bright
Since they had met. But now the time to part

Had come, yet was he very, very loath to go
And lingered long when he had said adieu;
At last he started for the camp, and so
He waved a last good-bye ere he was lost to view.

'Twas love at first sight, as I've just now said,
No doubt you've felt the same, oh gentle reader, mine,
A malady affecting both the heart and head,
But when the passion's grand 'tis just sublime.

In sooth I've felt myself, the boy god's cruel dart
When, backed by witching eyes, he would let drive,
Oft have his fiery arrows pierced my young heart,
For I *was* a lover at the early age of five.

But 'tis not of myself that I would write,
But of our good friend John and his fair Venus;
Mine is another story, very different quite—
Some day I'll tell it, you shall judge between us.

But visions of my own young days will come,
Obtrude them 'twixt myself and this, my paper—

Excuse me, reader, if I jot one down,
My pen is stubborn and it plays this caper :

REMINISCENT.

Oh, Maggie L., Sweet Maggie L.,
Tho' years have passed since last we met,
The memories of thy witching spell,
Around my heart, they linger yet.

A bay, a boat, and I afloat
With you upon the water,
Dan Cupid, too, sits there with you,
Eve's fairest, sweetest daughter.

He aims a dart, and sooth, my heart
Is pierced beyond recover.
Your lips meet mine, 'tis bliss divine,
And I your happy lover.

Oh happy day, now far away,
Alas, returning never,
But ah, 'twere bliss with you, Fair Miss,
To float and kiss forever.

Long years have flown, I've older grown,
But tho' long leagues may sever,
And tho' the sea between us be,
I'll love you, Sweet, forever.

Ah, well a day! I'm old and gray,
And fortune, fame and glory've missed me,
But envious fate cannot abate
The happy thought, that *you* have kissed me.

Forgive me, reader, for this very sad digression;
'Tis a bad habit that I sometimes have.
Scenes long since passed, like this, will find expression,
And at such times I am the very slave

Of these sweet memories of the long ago;
When they crowd on me I perforce must write
And will I, nill I, whether I would or no.
Again excuse me, for it is not right

That I should break thus on my story's thread,
So to return, then, to my o'er true tale—
Our hero on his way to camp, as I've just said,
Paused at the turn that led him to the vale

Where was the tent, his kerchief round his head
He waved, and then took up his lone and tedious tramp;
With long and sturdy strides he forged ahead,
For it was yet some weary miles to camp.

He reached the camp at last and found his friends
Anxious and worried at his long delay
In reaching them, insisting also that he make amends
By telling his adventures of the preceding day.

He told them how he wandered far and wide,
Of how the night came on, and that he shelter sought,
And found it in the cottage by the old mill side.
But of the girl he found there, faith, he told them naught.

For this, his first love, was to him by far too holy
To let them make a jest of, as well he knew they would,
If they learned of his amour; 'twas his purpose solely
To keep his council and hide it from them if he could.

But from that day the woods for him had no more charm,
Yet often in the shadows he would lie and dream
Of his Louella, and in colors bright and warm
Would paint their journey down life's flowing stream.

And oft he would absent himself from camp,
Pleading some business in the distant town,
But went not thither, he instead would tramp
To that fair cottage, sheltering her he called his own.

And he was very welcome, for they loved to hear him tell
His quaint adventures, loved to hear him talk,
And by the wooded hill with her he loved so well,
Or by the riverside at twilight they would walk.

Sometimes a sonnet unto her he would indite,
And he with amorous words would tell his ardent love,
With fluent pen, love's burning words would write,
And pour out his heart's homage to his lady love.

And once when she too coy had seemed to be,
He wrote her thus in a beseeching strain,
A warm and ardent, a fond lover's plea,
That she would grant him favor and thus ease his pain.

HIS PLEA.

The rising sun illumines the landscape bright,
And with rich radiance beautifies the scene,
The shades of darkness fly before the light,
All nature smiles and joy doth reign supreme.

The birds on high their joyous notes do raise
And in the ear of heaven pour forth their gladness
In happy rapturous songs of praise
From hearts that never knew a trace of sadness.

Thus in my heart when thou doth smile on me,
All sorrow, care and dark forebodings fly,
My wildly bounding heart doth throb with glee,
All gladdened by the sunshine of thine eye.

My heart with rapture fain would rise and sing,
In praise of thee, My Own, the whole day long.
The slumbering echoes I would make to ring,
And thou shouldst be the burden of my song.

I'd sing thy matchless form, thy grace, thy beauty,
Thy sparkling wit, thy dainty hands and feet,
Thy lovely eyes and charming mouth, so pretty
That all combine to make a whole so sweet.

Had I the gift of poesy or song,
The genius of a Burns or of a Byron,
Then would I, in some language sweet and strong,
Tell how thy loveliness had my heart set fire on.

There's naught for thee I would not dare to do,
There's naught for thee I would not dare to be,
For thee, Beloved, I'd search the whole world through.
For thee, Leander-like, I'd even swim the sea.

Then, oh my Darling, to my entreaty list, I pray,
Nor 'gainst me harden that sweet heart of thine.
But in thine heart let love assert its sway,
And yield to love's embrace, Sweet One, and mine.

If I were dead and buried neath the sod,
And thy sweet form should press the grass above me,
A thrill of joy would reach to my abode,
And e'en my very ashes leap to love thee.

Oh, Darling, we were made for one another,
There is no power on earth that should us part;
For thee, I gladly would forsake all other,
Then let me, Darling, press thee to my heart.

And when she'd read his warm and amorous plea,
What wonder that her heart went out to him,
He was her *liege*, her LORD, her LOVE, and she
Yielded her *homage*, CHARMS and ALL to him.

Oh you, my gentle reader, blame them not, I pray,
If that they strayed from out the very narrow path,
Of strictest virtue, innocent of wrong, and happy, they
Thought not of the morrow, nor the coming day of wrath.

I know such things are very wrong and very bad,
And I, dear reader, would never do like this,
Even to tell of it doth make my heart feel sad,
I sorrow for them, that they did amiss.

For they were young and amorous, full of youthful fire,
And tho' I pity them, I cannot blame o'er much.
Youth is the season of our fond desire,
The story's old and many there be such.

.

Thus waned the summer, the autumn came anon,
But still he lingered by the river side,
Waited and lingered, tho' his friends had gone
Back to the city. They did him deride,

That he should linger thus by wood and stream.
Then came a message from his most fond mother,
Saying, "Haste thee home, My Boy; I had a dream
Concerning thee of evil, that did thy young life smother.

I saw thee standing on the outer verge
Of a vast precipice, a chasm dark and grim
Gaped far below, and murky waters surge
About the base of those stern cliffs to swallow him

That should by mischance fall into that gaping hell.
And, as I gazed, I saw thee grope thy way
Unto the very edge, and then with shriek you fell
Into that dark abyss, and all of my life's day

Was quenched. So haste thee home, My Boy,
And bid my morbid fears begone, depart.
Until I see thee safe there's naught of joy,
Only black sorrow that can fill my heart.

Then haste to me and calm my wild distress,
Thou art my only son, my joy, my pride,
Should ill befall thee, then doth not life possess
One charm for me. Then home, My Boy, and to thy
mother's side."

Thus importuned, prepared he thence to go
Unto his home within the city large and grand.
First to his fond Louella hastened he to say adieu
Ere yet he tore himself away from her, and

So bade her be of good cheer. "'Tis not for long we part.
Before yon moon is old I will be at thy side
To clasp thee once again to this fond loving heart,
And thou in very truth shall be my happy bride."

With many a tear and many a fond caress
They lingered o'er their parting, till at last perforce

He could no longer stay, but, cheering her distress
As best he could, mounted his saddle, took himself to
horse.

With hand upon the pommel, to her bending down
He pressed one ardent kiss upon her ripe, red lips,
One last embrace; then he at last was gone,
But turned again and kissed to her his finger tips.

Then passed from sight and never more was seen of men
Who knew him. For from that day, that very hour,
All trace of him was lost; ne'er on earth again
Did mother, friend or sweetheart see him more.

But after many, many years had passed away,
Some men reopened an old gravel pit, long since disused,
And there beneath the earth, the gravel, and the clay,
Found bones of rider and of horse in one foul mass con-
fused.

And by a signet ring he wore they knew 'twas John.
His horse that morn with him had run away,
Bearing him to that cursed pit and plunging down
Was covered deep by falling stones and earth and clay.

Thus was his mother's dream of him fulfilled,
And long she mourned the absence of her son,
And weary waited, knowing not that he was killed,
Waited and watched till her own life's sands had run.

.

What of the girl? She too sorrowed and waited long,
The autumn passed and chilly winter came
And lapsed, then came the spring, but brought no song
To her sad heart, weary with watching, yet she watched
in vain.

'Tis now the month of June, when blooms the rose,
Balmy the air and fragrance fills the breeze,
With murmuring sound the rippling brooklet flows,
And gently sighing zephyrs fan the maple trees.

.

But one scene more and my sad tale is done,
The last, the saddest scene, Dear Reader, of it all.
The story's true, or else I'd not begun,
But now ere long I'll let the curtain fall.

LAST SCENE OF ALL.

A cottage quaint, by a country road,
With a latticed porch and a climbing vine,
Half hid by the trees near a river broad,
And the rays of the sun in the eventime

Gild gable and chimney and red tiled roof,
Ere he sinks to his rest behind the hill,
And, save the lone traveler's horse's hoof,
A quiet reigns and the night is still.

Save the low of the kine by the river side,
Or the plaintive note of the whippoorwill,
Or the splash of an oar in the flowing tide,
Or a distant owl on the wooded hill.

For the sigh of the wind in the maple trees
Creates no murmur to awaken the night,
Nor the rippling river, for sounds like these
But enhance the calm of the waning light.

.

Now the bright full moon in the eastern sky
Fills all of the air with its mellow light.

And over the tree tops mounting high,
Discovers a boat where the ripples bright

Gurgle soft o'er the rounded stones,
Faint and soft as the hum of bees,
A murmur faint, and in dulcet tones
As a zephyr sighing among the trees.

Now a girlish form with golden hair,
From out of the cottage doth wend her way,
Aye, a girlish form with a face so fair,
Down to the spot where the old boat lay ;

Where the waters, rippling over the stones,
Murmured and sang in the soft moonlight,
A sad sweet song, and in dulcet tones,
Here's a lethe for you, oh Sad One, tonight.

For a mother, alas, she soon would be,
A mother, alas, and yet no bride,
And she bitterly wept and sighed, "Ah me,
'Twere better by far that I had died,

Ere my false lover I ever had met!
But he seemed so true and I loved him so!
I loved, oh God, I love him yet.
Tho' false to me, I love him yet; oh God, oh God, I love
him so!"

Awhile she sat with her head bowed low,
And her heaving bosom rose and fell,
"Oh, who will let my fond mother know
Of her daughter's shame, and who dare tell

My father, stern, of his child's disgrace?
'Twere better by far that I should lie

Here in the river, and hide my face
From all of the earth, and that I should die.

For I could not endure my mother's tears,
My companions' scorn, and my father's curse;
Death may be bitter, I am young in years,
But a living shame to me would be worse.

And if my loving so true should be a sin,
May God forgive me, my shame I will hide.
I should have been the wife of him—
Tonight I will be the river's bride."

.
The morning came and the sun's fair light
Shone over the river, the cottage, and hill,
And there in the shallows near the ripples bright,
They found her form, so cold and so still.

They brushed the hair from her fair young face,
They dug her a grave by the river side,
They raised a stone and on it did trace:
"Here resteth Louella, The River's Bride."

A DRINKING SONG.

I.

Though your lass may prove false and your friend may
betray
And the world go all wrong to your thinking,
A solace you've left—shall I tell you the same?
It is drinking. It's drinking. It's drinking.
There's the sparkling champagne that is bright in the glass,
Burgundy is darker, I'm thinking;

Moselle is as bright as the new morning light—
And so let's be drinking and drinking.

II.

If your wife is a scold do not mind it a bit,
For you'll feel light-hearted and frisky,
All your sorrows will flee, and happy you'll be
If you drink a few glasses of whiskey.
So, fill up our glasses, let's drink to our lasses
A full bumper now without winking.
We'll quaff off the glasses we've pledged to our lasses—
And so let's be drinking and drinking.

III.

Life's burdens are heavy, they bear on us all,
From mine, sure, I'll never be shrinking
While this solace I've left, let me whisper it now,
It is drinking. It's drinking. It's drinking.
Then each fill his glass! To the brim let it be
With champagne, old port, or good whiskey,
Nor cherish a doubt while drinking a bout
With friends in good wine or old whiskey.

IV.

The old heathen gods had Lethe's dark stream
To drink from, when they fain would cease thinking,
But our Lethe below is the rich ruby wine;
Then let us be drinking and drinking.
Dame fortune is fickle; she may frown on your path
And not use you well to your thinking.
But never you'll mind! A bumper we'll quaff,
And so we'll keep drinking and drinking.

TO MY SISTER CAROLINE.

(NEARING THE END.)

I am sitting by my window and I watch the maple leaves
As they flutter, flutter, flutter to the ground,
For a frost has nipped them lately,
And the trees that once sedately
A most grateful shade did spread on all around
Are denuded now and bare save a few leaves here and there,
Whose fellows lie in masses on the ground.

And every passing breeze, as it floats among the trees,
Doth loose its own contingent, bear them down.
Soon will the trees be bare and neither here nor there
Shall a solitary leaf on them be found.
And as I watch the leaves dropping ever from the trees,
My thoughts revert to friends that I have known
Who have passed from earth away—they could no longer
stay—
And I am left to mourn them all alone.

Now on our family tree there remains but you and me,
Two faded leaves that soon must loose their hold,
And ere long must flutter down like the faded leaves and
brown,
To our final resting place beneath the mould.
Ah, well! I'm not regretting that my life's sun is setting,
And I surely do not fear to meet the end.
Thoughts of death are not distressing, nor is too long life a
blessing,
And I little care how soon may come the end.

CHARLEY W——N'S LAMENT.

I cannot go a-fishing now,
Sometime I will go (?) maybe.
At present I must stay at home,
And nurse my little baby.

My wife she loves to see baseball,
And faith! I don't deny her.
Why did she steal my fishing things,
And put them in the fire?

Alas, my heart with grief is bowed,
For better things I'm wishing.
May Providence smile on my path,
And let me go a-fishing.

Oh, may my wife more lenient be,
Without delay or parley.
Unless I go a-fishing soon,
'Twill be the death of Charley.

PAT'S MISTAKE.

A bold son of Erin whose footsteps had led him
Away from Old Ireland to Columbia's fair shore,
Where in exile he wandered until he said to him:
"Faith I'll tarry here, I will wander no more."

The time it was summer and Paddy went fishing
On the banks of a stream in Ohio, I think.
In the breast of his coat he'd a flask of good whiskey,
And each now and then he would take a sly drink.

He baited his hook, cast the same in the stream,
And waited awhile for the fishes to bite.
But the Divil a fish, bass, sucker or bream,
Even nibbled a bit Pat's heart to delight.

At last, growing weary and gazing around
He espied a small turtle asleep in the sun.
Pat thought 'twas a treasure for sure he had found;
To possess himself then of the prize he did run.

The beast took alarm, quickly made for the stream
With all of the speed that its nature possessed.
Pat stood there aghast. Then he gave one wild scream.
"May the good saints defend us! May we ever be blest!

By the Mother of Moses and the Virgin," he swore,
"Then the Dear Lord protect us. Forgive us our sins.
Sure the like of this dom thing was niver before,
As sure as I'm Pat, and stand here on two pins."

Then he said with affright, standing there on the sand:
"I've seen fish that cud fly and burds that cud talk;
But bad luck to the day whin I lift dear Old Ireland
And came to the land where the shnuff boxes walk."

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

TO R. L.———

May heaven its choisest blessings spread
Around your path today,
And gently poured upon your head,
Abide with you alway.

May Christmas cheer abound with you,
May you be blythe and jolly,

So, hang aloft the mistletoe
And deck your house with holly.

And when beneath that mystic bough
Shall come fair heedless misses,
May gallant swains then capture them
And smother them with kisses.
For now's the season of good cheer,
And Christmas comes but once a year.

DOUBTFUL CHARLEY.

TO C. W———N.

They call him doubtful Charley of the Annanias Club,
And for tall and lofty lieing he surely is no dub,—
For he'll lie about his fork, he will lie about his knife,
He will lie about his babies, he will lie about his wife.

He will lie about his fish-hooks, he will lie about his gun,
He will lie about the rising and the setting of the sun,
He will lie about the ladies that he danced with at the ball,
He will lie (to tell the truth) 'bout most anything at all.

He will lie about the minnows that are swimming in the
brook,
He will lie about the big fish that ne'er bit upon his hook,
He will lie on all occasions, he will lie with wonderous zest,
He will lie from force of habit when the truth would do
the best.

One day he caught a minnow and he hooked it by the tail,
And then he hiked himself to town and swore he'd caught
a whale,
For at tall and lofty lieing he surely is no dub,
And they call him doubtful Charley of the Annanias Club.

He will lie about his hat and the color of its straw,
But of all things on this green earth he most loves his
 mother-in-law,
And for the dear old lady full surely he would fight,
He would rise to do her bidding in the middle of the night.

One day he took a package that a poor old man had got,
'Twas filled with fruit, ripe oranges I think as like as not,
And then he emptied out the fruit, all clean and spank and
 spick,
And he filled the old man's package with heavy, hard-
 burned brick.

He placed some fruit upon the top, then tied the same with
 care,
The old man took the package home and loudly he did
 swear,
That the damn thing grew so heavy, but soon he found the
 brick,
And he swore that he'd get even for this dirty, Irish trick.

So that is why this song is writ 'bout Charley W——n, he
Is the onariest old liar that you'd ever wish to see,
And for tall and lofty lieing he surely is no dub,
For they call him doubtful Charley of the Annanias Club.

So here's to Charley W——n of the Annanias Club,
And when he goes a fishing may some one steal his grub,
And when he is not looking, just turn this little trick,
And fill his empty haversack with dirty hard-burned brick.

TO AN IDEAL LADY.

Oh lovely lady with thy bright blue eye,
Thy radiant face and golden curling hair,
Thy cheeks that with the rose and lily vie,
Thy beauteous lips and pearly teeth so fair.

Thou seem'st a creature less of earth than heaven,
Like some sweet vision of a summer dream,
And purer, fairer, brighter even
Than morn's first blush or moonbeam's silvery gleam.

Thy form so lovely, full of gentle grace,
The earth seems hallowed where thy feet hath been;
Naught can surpass the beauties of thy face—
To worship thee would scarcely seem a sin.

Oh, had my lot on earth with thine been cast
My cup of happiness would have run o'er!
I'd brave the summer's heat, the winter's blast
To add one jot of pleasure to thy store.

If such, I say, had been my lot on earth,
From thy sweet presence I'd ne'er wish to stray,
But bless the hour that gave thee birth
And strive to make thee happy as the day.

Could I have clasped thee to my breast
And felt thine heart beat in response to mine
And felt upon my cheek thy perfumed breath
I'd deem myself the happiest of mankind.

The world's rude care thy joy should never mar,
From every ill in life I'd strive to shield thee,
True love should light us like a guiding star
And each succeeding hour new pleasure yield thee.

Our lives united like some bright river,
Formed by two crystal streams, should sweetly flow,
And through life's pleasant vales meander,
Bring glad rejoicing wheresoe'er 'twould go.

And when at last our lives on earth were ended,
We'd meet again in God's high heaven above,
Again together would our souls be blended
And all eternity an endless round of love.

OCTOBER.

(Oct. 1, 1905.)

Let those who will, sing of the beauties of spring,
Of the blossoms of May and the roses of June,
But I tune my lyre to a different lay,
And the song I now sing has a different tune.

Oh, give me the autumn when crisp is the air
And the sunlight is strained thro a mantle of haze,
When the air is like nectar and filled with ozone
And a warm mellow glow fills all of the days.

Now the goldenrod nods, and fit for the gods
Is the crisp morning air full of life-giving balm;
And the gossamer spreads its bright silver threads
Over upland and lea, and a soft quiet calm
Doth cover all nature from mountain to sea.

The spring hath its beauties, the summer its heat,
The winter its cold and its mantle of snow;
But the autumn is lovely, its glories resplendent,

And forest and meadow are lit by a glow
Of scarlet and yellow and rich shades of brown.

Oh, the months of the year, each one hath its charm,
This laughing and bright, that modest and sober,
Each one in its turn is a source of delight—
But the crown of the year is the month of October.

WELCOME DEATH.

Death called on a youth one day in spring,
But the victim exclaimed "Oh Death pass on!
Pray leave me awhile in joy to sing,
For my wedding day comes e'er the week is done.

I am young, I am rich, and life is sweet,
Withhold then awhile thy dart, Oh Death,
For my heart beats high and it is not meet
That thou thus early should stay my breath.

There are doubtless others that fain would greet
With joy, thy coming, Oh Specter Grim,
And lethe's dark waters to some would be sweet;
Then hasten to such and solace him."

Death turned aside and the youth did wed,
But the bride that he loved in his early youth
Forsook his board and forsook his bed,
Proved false to her vows and false to truth.

The years passed on and his riches fled,
And gone are the friends of his childhood now,
For those that he loved in his youth are dead,
And white is his hair and furrowed his brow.

Till full of sorrow and of years, at length,
At three score years and ten he lay,
Shorn of his wealth, of his youth, and strength,
In the room where once on his wedding day

He had thought with joy of the coming years,
But the dream he had dreamed of the future bright,
Had ended for him in sorrow and tears,
The morning gay in the blackest night.

Again death called and a happy smile
Played round the lips of the dying man,
And they at his bedside listen the while
To catch his last words if perchance they can.

In a whisper faint they did hear him say,
E're his pulse was stayed and stilled his breath,
"Life's bright dream is over, and ended the play.
Welcome, thrice welcome art thou—Oh Death."

POST MORTEM.

When this tenement of clay shall lie tenantless and still
And the soul that dwelt within it shall have fled,
As ye gather round my bier I pray you shed no tear,
For the weeping of the mourners is unheeded by the dead.

And, I pray you, heap no mass of flowers above my head,
Nor with fragrant blossoms pile my coffin lid,
But a bunch of withered grass or some faded leaves instead,
For tho' flowers deck a bridal they but mock the peaceful
dead.

TO MY OLD FRIEND A. L.

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

Let not thine heart be bowed with grief,
Nor waste the hours with sad repining;
For, though the clouds are dark beneath,
Above them all God's sun is shining.

The form of her you loved on earth
'Tis true hath vanished from thy sight;
Her soul in heaven hath had its birth
Henceforth to dwell in endless light.

A few short years and you, my friend,
Shall join her there in heaven above.
Eternity—it hath no end,
And you shall know a perfect love.

A love made free from earthly taint,
A love as pure as angel's love,
Like that exists twixt saint and saint,
For God is there. And God is love.



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